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TIME AND THE HOUR.

"ONCE upon a time" seemed to fix, with some kind of precision, the date of the happening of the wonderful events contained in some fairy tale, which delighted and astonished our juvenile mind—to give them, moreover, a certain air of veracity, and to guarantee the truthfulness of the narrator and his story; but the shadowy period thus indicated has since been recognised as almost less illusory than the occurrences feigned to have characterised its duration.

For Time is one of the most delusive things in the world. In our younger days, while wandering through some wide, half-lighted rambling cellars under a large old house, with an older and bigger boy, he treated us to a frightful legend of the place. There was, quoth he, a Being of some kind there, which we might, perhaps, see; it wasn't a ghost, no—nor anything like it; but it would come, just all of a sudden, if you didn't call it; but, if you did call it, it wouldn't, and the more you called it, the more it wouldn't come. We perceived at once that this was to try our courage, and, judging that the jeers of our companion, on our calling out, were more immediate and certain than the presence of the mystery if we kept silent, we held our tongue, and at once laid the foundation of our character for bravery. We have often thought over this incident of some thirty years back, and think the Hobgoblin must have been—Time. The unreckoned hours pass, and the event, as unlooked for, as unwished for, surely comes; while the much longed-for day, or opportunity, appears as distant as ever, notwithstanding our wishes and most fervent desires; and thus, fast as our time runs, we should be glad if, in many parts of our lives, it ran much faster than it does; and we seem to travel through a country composed of little but wild and barren wastes, which we endeavour to hurry over with as little delay and discomfort as possible, in order that we may arrive at this resting place, or that imaginary place of settlement of which "distance lends enchantment to the view." We look back on our life, and acknowledge it to have been short, though we know the several divisions of it to have been long and tedious.

They say "men sayen" as Sir John Maundeville has it, that if we sail eastward round the world we shall be found on arriving here again to have lost a day; and correspondingly, if we sail westward, we shall, on again reaching our place of departure, find we have gained a day. Now, if we telegraph eastward, *via* India, say to Melbourne, our message will arrive as last night; and so, if we can, or could telegraph westward *via* the Atlantic and American wires to the same place, it should be to-night when it arrives. So it becomes very questionable whether there is such a thing as Time after all, when by the mere accident of which way you divert the stream of electricity, you can get back to last night or forward to to-night. In fact it seems possible, when the Telegraph Construction Company Limited have "put a girdle round the earth," that you will be able, by telegraphing all round, to get back to yesterday or on to-morrow, and, may, perhaps, by an easy development in science, get forward into the middle of next week.

We have got into an almost disrespectful way of talking about Time. We have degraded the old gentleman with the hour glass and the forelock to the neuter gender, and say "it," and have displaced his Roman Capital to an extent that would satisfy even Garibaldi himself. Even the insane Hatter, whom Alice met with in her adventures in Wonderland, knew better than this. "If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*." "I don't know what you mean," said Alice. "Of course you don't," the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously; "I dare say you never even spoke to Time." "Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music." "Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter; "he won't stand beating. Now if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you like with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons, you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one—time for dinner!" "That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully; "but then I shouldn't be hungry, you know." "Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked." If Denmark's sage courtier spoke a silent truth on some occasion or other, the Hatter, mad as he was, seems to have been pretty near the truth. It's only if you make friends with Time, or get into the way of managing him, that you'll have any time at all. "I've had no time," is about the commonest excuse going, and with the untaught schoolboy as with the ill-taught man or woman. "Oh, you should make time,' one often hears it said, in ignorance that the management of one's time is an art that requires careful teaching and constant practice, and that one might as well try to indoctrinate careless, shiftless people with it as to teach logarithms to a lunatic.

There are few people whose time is so constantly and completely taken up with the occupation they have adopted, whether from necessity or choice, that they have no leisure time at their disposal. In fact, six or seven parts out of ten in the lives of most men are mere gaps and voids, filled neither with business nor pleasure. Some even who have the misfortune to be satisfied with a moderate income of their own, have the whole ten at their diposal. For them, the newsroom spreads its winged sheets, the club swings wide its polished doors, and the pert waitress of the hotel smoking-room wreathes her best professional smile, or the waiter, elaborate as to his "dickey," sidles up cofidentially, and says, in a low tone, "*Did* you say Irish whisky, sir?" It must be one of these gentry who had dropt a leaf from his diary, which has, innocently enough, come into our possession. From this we learn how he has passed a day, or, rather, how a day passed him. It would no doubt serve with slight alteration for any one of many a score like him, and may serve as a warning to some of our readers. "8-30, rose and breakfasted: read the two Manchester papers. First says, another railway accident. I think I shall sell my North-Westerns, or shall, perhaps, get no dividend. Telegrams rather confusing. Think there will be no war. 10 o'clock. The other paper says North-Western traffic increasing, and another company responsible for accident. Shall keep them. Says the Emperor is preparing for war. Shouldn't wonder if there is no war after all. 11: 'Bus to town. 11-30: On 'Change. More telegrams; no more news, except something I'm certain I saw in the paper yesterday. 12: Meet Wyrett, my broker. Ask him. Says sell. I'll see him again. 12-15: Sandwich and glass of beer at Ptolemy's. Haversby says, "Bother North-Westerns; sell nine-and-thirties, everybody's selling. I'm selling." 1 o'clock: Sherry and bitters at the Gloucester. Several people there belonging to newspapers, *I think*, but they don't say so. Three of them say war is certain; three others say it's impossible. All agree that if they had any North-Westerns they would keep them. Nobody has any news. Wonder where news comes from; who makes it to begin with. 2 p.m.: Chop at the club. Mem.—Peas overdone, and pepper won't come out of the castor. Complain about this to-morrow if it happens again. 2.30: Cigar in reading-room. Nobody there. 3: Nap in the corner. Dreamt the Emperor was going to war with Spain because Prim wouldn't pay for the North-Westerns he had bought. 4.30: Woke, and found several fellows laughing. Something about Mr. Olive here not offering the olive branch. Didn't see it. Thought it had something to do with France, or the war, or something. But these people that read books, or perhaps write things, for the newspapers, always make me uncomfortable. I've not read many books, but if I had I shouldn't keep them, and go on talking about them. Besides, what's the use of a book when you've read it. Of course it's done with, and I should never wish to see it again anymore than I should want to see the plate I had my dinner off yesterday. Say something of this sort to some of the folks here; they only laugh, and repeat it to others who didn't hear, and they laugh. 5: Call on Wyrett. Busy writing letters, and gets up to go to his train. Tells me, as I am going down stairs, it's a pity I didn't sell my North-Westerns, for they're down two or three pounds. I look horrified. "Don't be alarmed," he says, "only a little excitement in the market; sure to be up to-morrow." I should hope so, indeed. 5.15: Feel quite faint at Wyrett; must have something for my nerves. Call in at the Gloucester again. Ask for a glass

of brandy at once. Waiter only consents to bring it on having three or four other glasses to bring with it, so that his time mayn't be wasted. Everybody says there will be no war. Somebody comes in, says war *is* declared. Then everybody says they always expected it. Young gentleman with light hair wants to know which side the Fenians will take; upon which great doubt and consternation follows. 6 p.m.: Think I had better go home. 7: Tea and potted shrimps. 8: Game at bowls till 9; then smoke, and drop of whisky. 10: Do., do. 11: Do., do. Result spent, 8s. 4½d.; won at bowls, 4d. Cr.: By cash spent, 8s.—blow the halfpenny."

Now, if such a life is useful to him or anybody else—however, we must'nt wander from the subject, and indeed the paper warns us suddenly, as the last messenger will do some day, that "Time's up."

BLACKPOOL.

FROM EMMELINE, BLACKPOOL, TO CISSIE, WHALLEY RANGE, MANCHESTER.

Windy Nook, North Shore, Blackpool.

MY ever dearest Cissie,—I promised to send you word as to how I am enjoying myself. We have been rather more than a week by the "deep and dark blue ocean;" though that is a poetical and slightly inaccurate description of the appearance of the water here; it invariably looks muddy and dirty. Papa brought us down by the express on Saturday, and stayed till Monday morning. He seemed to think the journey tiresome, but I thought it perfectly jolly. The rapid rush of the train, scarcely spoiled by stoppages, was delightful. I sat with my face towards the engine, and allowed the wind to blow my hair about, thinking all the time that for three weeks at least there would be no more nasty sewing, and no more thumping at the piano than I liked to think of, till mamma, who said I should catch cold, got quite angry, and made me shut the window, to my intense disgust. The idea of getting cold on a hot day like that!

Our lodgings are right away at the north shore. They are as comfortable as one can expect for the sea side. Of course it is not like being at home, but that is not surprising. If Mrs. Mumps, the landlady, would look cheerful even, and then, just for a change, if the people overhead had not quite so many children, or had left a few of them behind, and the others were a little quieter; and if there were not about the atmosphere of the place something ever redolent of the cooking of ham and eggs, we should have nothing to complain of worth mention. Of course, our rooms face the sea. The worst part of it is that we are rather a long way from the pier, and it is tiresome to come home after the evening promenade. But we might be much worse off in that way. You have heard me speak of the Bayrols, from Sale. They have a cottage right away at the south shore, and are obliged to walk a mile-and-a-half before they can reach the pier. I mean the old pier, of course, for you know the new one is sacred to excursionists, and what my precocious little brother Franky calls "cads." I shouldn't like to be them. I wonder if Miss Straitlays would approve that last clause, and think the grammar correct? Is it not a comfort that we are not obliged to parse everything now? But pray don't let that tiresome big brother of yours see this. I had rather not be teased about my composition. Give him my love instead.

I believe it is not supposed to be the height of the Blackpool season yet; nevertheless there are a great many people here. You remember Frank Borlett, about whom our old school friend, Carry Silbson, was so spooney in those delightful days of Boream House and Miss Straitlays. I saw him on the pier last night, he looked very hard at me, and, I fancy, remembers my face, but can't make it out who I am. Your neighbours, the Walker's, from the Range are here. All four of them do look such frights! I am sure they paint, or else the salt water has a very curious effect on their faces. Do you know they scarcely even have a gentleman with them, though they dress so fast. Talking about dress, I have had that Irish poplin you admired so much made up. Charley says it suits me immensely; but then he is such a silly fellow. Do you know it is such fun about this said Charley. Before he knew that we were coming here, I asked him what he thought of Blackpool as a sea-side place. He said he thought it most detestable, and positively hated it. There was nothing to do, he considered, but loaf about, and play billiards at the Clifton Arms. I did not tell him that we were coming. He must have found it out, however, for on Saturday we met him, face to face on the pier. I asked him, quietly why he could not play billiards at home. He did look so savage; I heard him tell mamma that he did not feel well, and had come for his health. I thought he looked remarkably well. We had a delightful walk home together. The joke is that he declares he is coming again next week.

I do wish you were here. Never mind what your papa says; tell him for me that he can have no idea how greatly the place is improved since last year. The promenade is completed, and there is a capital band—not quite so good as the 100th at the Botanical, but still good for Blackpool. Indeed, I think that this is a *most delightful* place, notwithstanding what was said by that disagreeable *Sphinx* last year. Now I have filled my paper, and written a very long letter. For the present, dearest, I must say, with multitudes of kisses—good bye.

Your devoted Friend,
EMMA.

P.S.—I sat on the beach this morning, listening to the waves and reading in *Dombey and Son* about poor little Paul's death. At dinner that foolish Frank, who had just had a donkey ride, shouted out that my eyes were red, and that I had been crying. Of course he is a little fibber. There is a newly-married couple staying in the house. It is such fun to see how they spoon.

THE BROUGHTON AND CHEETHAM HILL BOWLERS.

THE return match at bowls between the cricket clubs of Cheetham Hill and Broughton,—respectively the lands of the mountain and the "flood,"—took place last week on the Cheetham Hill ground. To use the phraseology of the hour, when the map of Europe is being closely studied, the battle ground consisted of a portion of the elevated plateau at Crumpsall, behind St. Mary's Church, the actual formation of the battle field partaking of the shape of an unfurled umbrella and the roof a house. This afforded good opportunities for strategy and defence on the part of the mountaineers, who fought upon their own soil, and succeeded on this occasion in repulsing the enemy. The campaign of the year, however, has ended in favour of Broughton; and so far as Cheetham Hill is concerned, the men from the low country and the lake district have retired into winter quarters.

Before play commenced a slight shower fell, which was considered in favour of Broughton, as it enabled their bowls, which have scarcely bias enough for the green, to "hold" on the numerous falling marks. Broughton had a majority of 52 to start with, the result of the previous match. In the double games they increased this majority by 4, and it looked as if defeat was impossible. In the twelve single games, however, the Cheetham Hill players rallied with great force, and actually won every game except one, which was decisively lost by 11 to 1. Their majority on the single games amounted to 42, so that the final result of the match was, that Broughton won by 14 points, which is a very close thing out of thirty-six games. The later Broughton play was not so good as in the early part of the afternoon. The ground became much lighter, and the players did not succeed in getting the length so well as they had previously done. Some of the players contend that their bowls will not follow the Cheetham Hill woods and jacks, and the green became so crowded with players and spectators, that they had no choice to choose marks which they fancied. Spectators ought to be peremptorily ordered off the green during a match. What would be thought of a spectator during a cricket match, standing immediately behind the wickets, and entering into conversation with the bowler? He would be summarily ejected from the ground, amid the execrations of the field. We are glad to learn that the Cheetham Hill club are about to enlarge their green very considerably, which will afford them the opportunity of leaving more standing room for non-players, without encroaching on the green.

The two clubs have now played three home-and-home matches, Broughton having won each year. They play for nothing save honour and glory and the love of the thing. Judging from the keenness and rivalry between the players, there seems to be no lack of any incentive to exertion on either side. At home, players require some small stake at issue to make them take the necessary pains, but abroad it is different.

BRITISH MUSEUM

For gold the sailor ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the bowler's gain,
His club's fair fame, his honour.

Broughton's strength is in its numbers, and there was on the ground last week, accidentally, a reserve of four or five quite as good players as any who took part in the game. The usual war cries were heard. There was the wild slogan of the Highlanders, and the belligerent shouts of the Lowlanders. Play up—come through—narrowed, narrowed—can't run—they are in—not when that stops, I tell ye; not when that stops—too much land—I crossed her—narrowed—I put her down—over, I doubt—narrow, I hope—short, by George—look out—collision—ah, going right up to the jack—just my luck, Gambo! Why a bowl should be called "she" we cannot say, but we suppose there is as good reason for it as to consider a ship of the feminine gender. After the match the belligerents partook of an *al fresco* tea. Ducks, salmon, corned beef, and other edible matter disappeared in the most alarming manner. The hatchet was buried, the pipe of peace was smoked, and the armies marched off the field.

HOW TO GET ON.

5.—AS A BARRISTER.

TO be an attorney's son, to marry an attorney's daughter, these are the royal roads to early success at the bar; and if, in the lottery of fortune, you have drawn so valuable a prize, very homely talents with a reasonable amount of industry will suffice to keep together a decent business. Business, like "proputty," "sticks," and business, like "proputty," grows. But even then, to make the most of your advantages, you will need, almost as much as your less favoured competitor, a minute study and careful practice of the arts by which the stony hearts of attorneys are to be won. The very first step is to divest your mind of the current popular fallacies as to the status and dignity of the profession. Good home-spun folk are imposed upon by the paraphernalia of judicial dignity, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious law," and then excited fancy casts a glamour round the robes, a halo round the wig of each briefless and beardless stripling "who may one day be Lord Chancellor." That they should have illusions is well for you, but not a single one can you afford to keep yourself. Get rid at once of the vulgar notion that yours is the "higher branch of the profession,"—"that to be a barrister is to be a gentleman." It is only true of the few who possess really large practices and are popularly regarded as leaders. They are the masters of the situation, and lord it over attorneys and clients alike. But if you could get one of them to tell you with candour how long he had adopted this "pride in his port, defiance in his mien," he would probably tell you that he was hedging against the servility that had aided his rise, and paying back the rubs which in earlier days had mortified his pride, but, meekly borne, filled his pocket. "Ich dien" must be your motto. Be a slave to become a tyrant.

Having thoroughly accepted the situation, you will be in a proper frame of mind to investigate the particular methods by which your conception of your position is to be translated into act. At the outset you will probably try to work your way into criminal business, and you will soon find that you have there two classes of masters to serve, the attorneys, or rather their clerks, and the prisoners and their belongings. Thereto, it seems, a certain practice in vogue by which a prisoner, brought up on a criminal charge, can command the services of a learned counsel without the employment of an attorney at all, and the fee paid in very small. You may frequently see greasy finger-daubed pieces of blue paper handed, together with a small paper parcel containing the honorarium, through the bars of the dock, to a select few of the learned gentlemen who habitually occupy seats in its immediate front. You will wonder that so many of such pieces of paper find their way into the same hands, when you have learned that in strict professional etiquette no communication whatever ought to take place beforehand between the prisoner and his intended counsel. Wend your way, however, to the Palace of Justice in Strangeways half an hour before a criminal court is going to sit, and ask one of the policemen on duty in the great hall to point out to you Mr. Wiggins's clerk. He will soon show you some disreputable-looking fellow, clothed in seedy black, or some perky youth in smarter guise, who is perpetually conversing with knots of people, evidently of the lowest class, whom afterwards, by their communications through the dock railings, or screams upon the infliction of some richly-deserved punishment, you will recognise as prisoners' friends. You may see the same process going on at any time in the day; but the hour before the sitting of the court is the period of special activity. Pass now into the court when the trial comes on, and see by what devices the prisoner's counsel justifies the choice, and adapts himself to the tastes, of his ragged following. His voice is generally half as loud again as that of the counsel for the prosecution, for he speaks to be heard not only by the judge and the jury, but by the people to whom his clerk was talking in the hall, who now crowd the back part of the court. He is playing to the gallery and slips. If you listen to the substance of his remarks, you will be confirmed in your opinion as to the part of the audience which he really cares to please. He takes what are called points of law, of the merits of which an unprofessional observer can form no estimate, except from the contempt with which they are scouted by the judge. He interrupts his opponent, and objects to the form of some question which a small verbal alteration renders unobjectionable. He imputes to every male witness intoxication; to every female unchastity. Every policeman is trying to bolster up a case; and his learned friend exceeds his duty in pressing unduly for a conviction. He then addresses to the jury a lengthy farrago of abuse, coarse and commonly pointless jokes, which mightily amuse the public in the rear, and perhaps some wire-drawn stuff which passes for argument on the facts. The jury sometimes in their confusion acquit, and the successful counsel has a client for life, who is sure to want his assistance pretty often, and nightly sings his praises in the orgies of Charter Street or Spinningfield.

Briefs for the prosecution are obtained by different means. They seem generally to be left in the hands of clerks, whose masters, commonly magistrates' clerks, do not trouble themselves about such unremunerative business. No begging parson, no would-be member of Parliament canvassing his constituents more blandly smiles, more coaxingly whispers, or more heartily presses the offered palm than do the gentlemen of the long robe, the higher branch of the profession, in their frequent meetings in hall, corridor, or court, with the well-briefed attorney's clerk. He ought to be the happiest of men. He must receive more kindly sympathy, more considerate politeness from his social superiors upon one day of sessions than in all the rest of the year besides. A well-instructed barrister's clerk seconds the efforts of his master, because his own fees are at stake, and he may commonly be seen in and out of court, at refreshment bars, and in public-houses, in close confabulation with the givers of good things.

A defending barrister must be above all things a "respector of persons." Insolent and aggressive to magistrates and inferior judges, he sinks into servile obsequiousness before my lord in the red gown from Westminster. His clients are equally pleased at the bluster and the coaxing. It corresponds to their own attitude towards their equals and their superiors respectively. A prosecuting counsel has generally very little discretion, and "the gentleman who instructs me" is generally satisfied if every question is asked that is put in the brief.

Few barristers, however, look upon criminal business as the pinnacle of their ambition. No doubt there are some mere sessions, loafers whose voices are never heard, or faces seen in the civil courts, and they generally display the most laudable industry in keeping together the connection they have formed through the influence of their friends, and by the arts we have portrayed. Most look forward to replacing their criminal practice by the more remunerative and generally more difficult business transacted in the civil courts. Without influential connection or conspicuous ability you would be rash to face the formidable competition at Westminster. You had better "localize." Settled in Manchester or Liverpool, you will find a large mass of small cases tried in courts of inferior jurisdiction, such as the county courts, courts of record, &c. The attorneys are commonly men in small business, or, if largely engaged, send their clerks. So you will have to deal with much the same class of persons as those from whom you extracted your criminal briefs. And of course you will adopt to them a similar demeanour. Having secured the affections of one or two, it is astonishing how soon others will follow. They speak of you as "a smart fellow, with no nonsense about him," "does'nt give himself airs," like some rival who relies for success simply on his ability and persever-

ance. They find you approachable, affable, easy to be scolded, willing to conduct a case rather according to their discretion than yours, and are not embarrassed by any sense of inferiority. For the same reason it is undesirable that you should have received a first-rate education or acquired the manners of a well-bred gentleman. If you possess either, the sooner you divest yourself of the semblance of them the better. For your clients will suspect in your easy civility a contemptuous condescension, and value no knowledge except the knowledge of law.

It is a fatal mistake to be above asking for business. A seasonable hint from yourself, or a judicious friend, will divert many a roll of papers destined for other chambers. The attorneys will not be offended, for they resent the etiquette which is intended to keep you apart from and above them. Parade among your brethren your scrupulous regard for professional rules, and break every one you can without detection. If you have little work of your own, devil for some more prosperous brother; and if you cannot seduce some of his clients from their allegiance, he must have learned better than you the lessons we have been trying to teach.

At the beginning of your career you will be foolish to look too closely at the fees marked on your brief. You may get a little business at first simply by letting it be known that you are willing to undersell your competitors—only keep your complaisance hidden from your jealous rivals—so you may get opportunities of airing your eloquence; and if you deal wisely with the reporters, you may have the pleasure of seeing your name in print. Besides the advantages of an advertisement, your practice will give you the experience which will really increase your competence; and after a few years of touting you may be a better man for all ordinary business than an abler but less practised hand.

When you have got business, fuss about it upon all occasions, and in all companies. Attorneys and their clients are like sheep in their gregarious instinct. Be seen in the streets hurrying along with the butt end of a brief sticking out of your coat-pocket. Always interpose in court when any application is made to take a case out of order, or try to get your cases fixed out of regard to some most important engagement of your own. So will you magnify yourself before the eyes of men, and your voice be often heard in the far-famed courts of English justice, even though its accents be not those of the English tongue, but some pleasing variety of local dialect.

STATESMEN AND STAGERS.

ON Friday evening last Mr. J. L. Toole appeared at the Prince's Theatre as Michael Garner in *Dearer than Life*, and in a scene from *Paul Pry*, after which he gave his imitations of celebrated London actors. As if determined not to be outdone, Mr. J. Eldred, a rising and promising performer, who appeared in the *Paul Pry* scene as Frank Hardy, made himself up so as to be an exact counterpart of Mr. Disraeli, or rather what the Right hon. gentleman was some years since. The representation was clever, and the get-up as regards dress, hair, shirt collar, cravat, and general demeanour as nearly accurate as possible. Mr. Toole's burlesque imitations of his brother professionals may be excused, if not altogether admired. We submit, however, that the caricature of eminent living men—public characters, whether statesmen, divines, judges, barristers, or members of other learned professions—is in bade taste, and beyond the limits of theatrical propriety. We have seen this sort of thing attempted once or twice before, both as regards imperial and local celebrities, sometimes drawing from the audience sounds not pleasant to an actor's ear. We shall be glad not to see Mr. Eldred's exhibition repeated, whether he assays the assumption of Mr. Disraeli or anybody else. If such performances are to be tolerated or commended why should we not be favoured by Mr. Buckstone with an announcement like the following:—

THEATRE ROYAL.

GRAND NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT BY THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

The School for Scandal.

SIR PETER TEAZLE (an elderly gentleman with a young wife), Mr. Chippendale, in which character he will represent Earl Granville, K.G.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE (a jolly old uncle), Mr. Rogers; made up on this occasion as General Peel.

JOSEPH SURFACE (a man of sentiment), Mr. Howe, with his famous impersonation of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

CHARLES SURFACE (a man of pleasure), Mr. Kendal, with imitation of the Marquis of Hartington, M.P.

SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE (who can bark and bite too, if necessary), Mr. Eldred (specially engaged) in his well-known assumption of Mr. B. Disraeli, M.P.

CRABTREE (a testy gentleman), Mr. F. Everill, in the guise of Mr. Ayrton, M.P.

MOSES (a Jew money-lender), Mr. Clark, made up as Mr. Goschen, M.P.

CARELESS (a man of fashion), Mr. W. Gordon, representing Mr. Chichester Fortescue, M.P.

SIR HARRY BUMPER (with the song, "Let the toast pass"), Mr. Weathersby, in the make-up of Sir Robert Peel, M.P.

ROWLEY (an old steward), Mr. P. White, representing Mr. J. W. Henley, M.P.

SNAKE (a Social Professor), Mr. Braid, *à la* Mr. Goldwin Smith.

TRIP (a Gentleman's Gentleman), on this occasion, Mr. F. B. Egan, representing Mr. J. W. Maclure, J.P.

Lady Teazle, Mrs. Candour; Lady Sneerwell and Maria, by Miss Madge Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, and other artistes, disguised as so many well-known ladies of eminence and distinction.

Mr. Buckstone will afterwards address the audience as the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and give imitations of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Dean of Westminster, Chunder Sen, and others.

To be followed by the Burletta,

THE QUAKER.

STEADY (with Songs) Mr. J. Stoyle, (specially engaged), *a la* the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.

The entertainments to conclude with the laughable Farce,

RAISING THE WIND.

JEREMY DIDDLER, Mr. Kendal, who will appear personally as Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

THE Haymarket Company appear to have become aware of the fatal indiscretion of playing modern pieces on consecutive nights in this city. In the programmes put forth during this week the old standard comedies are returned to. These have been so repeatedly criticised in our columns, and the merits of the various impersonations of their characters by the members of this company are so well known, that it would be wearisome to treat of them again. It would be very gratifying if the actors of this troupe could bring us some comedies that we do not know by heart, and that are not unworthy of being played beside the masterpieces of old times. But so long as the new comedies produced at the Haymarket Theatre continue to be written for Mr. Sothern, and systematically sacrifice the brilliant abilities of the rest of the company to the exaltation of his mediocrity, it is hopeless to expect a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

But, in the name of mercy, let us have no new pieces at all, if they are to be such miserable exhibitions of dramatic incapacity as Mr. Tom Taylor's farce, in three acts, entitled the *Babes in the Wood*. It speaks eloquently for our taste in these parts that, on the first performance of this piece this season, not even the front row of the dress circle was three-quarters full. How Mr. Taylor, so experienced a dramatist, could possibly compose so ineffective and ridiculous a piece, is unintelligible, save on the hypothesis that it was the production of his very early youth. There is such a feeble manipulation of its characters and incidents as seems to indicate a hand quite unacquainted with the sense of power and effect. No genius on earth could make a good play out of such a common-place and uninteresting story as the difficulties of two young people who have married one another against the wishes of their families, and nothing else; but really it requires almost a genius of incompetence to make so weak and silly a production out of it as Mr. Taylor has baptised with the poor title at the head of these remarks. We cannot conceive how any person of the least dramatic insight could, by possibility, commit the colossal blunder of introducing pathos into a farce. Nothing brings out pathos better than broad comic incident, artistically

managed; but it must be comical, not farcical, or contrast grows into absurdity. It is intolerable that an actor of Mr. Chippendale's calibre should be called upon to make himself ridiculous: but this is what he has to do, when, after a strong dose of Mr. Buckstone's drollery, he enters, walks across the stage, and dropping on a chair, before he has been on the scene two minutes, bursts into a flood of tears. Characters ought not to be made to take a stronger interest in other characters than that with which the audience has been inspired, or the effect is, not emotion, but absurdity. All sense of the reality of the illusion is destroyed. Incidents that come to nothing, characters inadequately welded into one another, dialogue occasionally comic, but for the most part farcical, united together by a general debility of construction, go to make up the very worst piece upon which we have ever seen the abilities of the Haymarket Company wasted. The applause with which it was received must be attributed to the good acting—Mr. Buckstone being fitted with a character after his own heart, and Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson being suited with the parts of an osculatory young married couple, who caress each other with effusion rather oftener than is pleasant to behold. This, however, is, of course, the fault of the author, who shouldn't put seven kisses into three acts. Mr. Everill played, to boisterous applause, a small part; but his Theatre Royal, Manchester, wardrobe, will never do for the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London.

The company play here another week, then leave us—to return, however, on the 12th September, and remain until the 1st October. What will they perform? We hope the *Rivals* has not taken its departure from their programme, notwithstanding Mr. Compton's loss: though the *Poor Gentleman*, without him, would be poor indeed.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE WAR.

As everybody is talking about the war, till young ladies, at the dances which still now and then spring up into abnormal life, pervishly complain that their partners can talk of nothing else, we may be pardoned touching on a theme so cosmopolitan. It seems absurd to pass it by, as if it were not. Everybody's eyes are fixed upon this newest of those monuments of criminal folly which men keep building up to testify their inhumanity. A war of principle is sanctified, so far as outrage and excess can be sanctified; but a war for the extension of territory, or a diversion of a restless people, or the perpetuation of a dynasty, is about as horrible and terrible a crime as human nature can be guilty of. Murder, rapine, riot, violation, and debauchery are individually odious sins, too much for any man's account. But he who sets a war like this in action has these crimes combined, and multiplied a hundred thousand times upon his soul. He is responsible for every crime of every individual soldier under arms. And yet the tragedy of war is not more striking than the farce of it. A French peasant is taken from his fields, a German clerk is taken from his office-stool. They are both armed with the most deadly weapons ingenuity can devise—they are put face to face with one another—and these two, who never set eyes on each other in their lives, forthwith attempt to do each other as much injury as ever they can inflict. And why? Because a man who wears a hooked nose and a crown has given the word before he dies.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The special correspondents of the English papers will have unusual difficulties to contend with in the pending war. Indeed they won't be able to follow the armies at all, orders to that effect having been issued by both governments. Nevertheless, the appointments of the chief journals have been made. It is understood that Dr. W. H. Russell again represents the *Times*; Captain Hozier, the very able military writer who accompanied the head-quarters of the Prussian army in the war against Austria, and subsequently went through the campaign in Abyssinia, on both occasions in the interests of the *Times*, was to have acted with Dr. Russell, but there is some reason to believe that the British Government has refused him leave of absence. A Mr. Whiteside goes out for the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Sala and Mr. Kingston will act as correspondents for the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Standard* will be represented by Mr. G. A. Henty, who wrote for the same journal the story of the Abyssinian war.

AN ARCHITECTURAL ACHIEVEMENT.

We owe an apology to the architects of the large structure now emerging from the scaffolding and hoardings by the side of the Exchange. When we, some time ago, disparaged it, we were under the impression that it was to be the New Exchange. But now the building is a little more advanced, we see our error. It is obviously a new workhouse, or a prison, or an almshouse, or a lunatic asylum. This being so, too great credit cannot possibly be given to its designers for the consummate art with which they have communicated the painful character of the edifice to the mind and spirits of the spectator. It is not meet that such a sorrowful abode should be passed by with a light heart and a gay smile. Matters have, accordingly, been so arranged that it depresses and casts down the passer-by, and sends him on his way bewailing that another heavy, ugly object has been added to this heavy, ugly world.

A GERMAN GENERAL ON THE FRENCH ARMY.

SOME years ago there was published, in Berlin, a book entitled *The French Army on the Drill Ground and in the Field*, which created a great sensation at the time, and rapidly passed through several editions. Although the author merely called himself "an old officer," it was no mystery that the book was written by General Count Waldersee, sometime Minister of War in Prussia. He held a very eminent position in the Prussian army, where he had particularly distinguished himself by revolutionizing the old pedantic system of teaching the soldier skirmishing, patrolling, outpost, and light infantry duty generally. His new method did away with all pedantry of forms, and appealed exclusively to the intellectual resources of the soldier in the performance of a duty which can only be carried out well by the intelligent and harmonious co-operation of a number of men. He made the French army the special object of his studies, because it was the one most famous for the individual military intelligence of its men; and he had many friends and acquaintance in its ranks, from whom he obtained valuable information. At a moment like the present, when the soldiers of his own country are about to be tested against the forces of the Empire, it will be interesting to read General Waldersee's very graphic, comprehensive, and, on the whole, accurate account of the general character of the French army.

The French army, he says, partakes of all the good qualities, but also of all the faults and weaknesses, of the French character. Animated by a genuine warlike spirit, it is full of combativeness, thirst for action and for glory, brave and plucky, as it has shown at all times, and more recently in the battle fields of Algeria, the Crimea, and Italy. Everywhere there have been occasions on which both officers and soldiers—particularly among the picked troops—have performed prodigies of bravery; and the performances of the French soldiers generally, in these campaigns, are worthy of the highest respect.

Of great bodily and mental mobility—which, however, is often enough increased to a continuous restlessness—the French soldier is indefatigable and persevering in battle, as well as in hard work of all kinds.

Self-confident in the highest degree, full of ambition and vanity, every individual soldier has but one desire—to march upon the enemy. He knows no difficulties; he goes by the old French proverb, "If the thing is possible, it is as good as done; if it is impossible, it will be done somehow." Without much reflection, often, indeed, very inconsiderately, he advances—convinced there are no difficulties he cannot overcome. Thus, with the dash and impetuosity inherent in his nation, he presses for the attack, *in which is his chief strength*. Besides this, the French soldier is intelligent, handy, particularly adapted for individual fighting, and accustomed to act on his own responsibility. He is inventive and clever in embarrassing situations; he has a peculiar knack of making himself comfortable in a bivouac; of putting, at a moment's

notice, houses and villages into a defensible state, and of defending them afterwards with the greatest tenacity.

War is the life-element of an army. The French Government very wisely consider war as the normal state of the troops, and, therefore, at all times and under all circumstances treat them with the same strictness and severity as if actually on a campaign. The regiments are concentrated in camp as frequently as possible, and besides are made to change garrisons constantly, so as not to allow any peace habits to grow up among them. In the same spirit, the drill of the men is exclusively adapted for the purposes of war, and nothing whatever is done for purposes of parade. No corps is ever judged from its style of marching past, and it is, therefore, rather surprising to foreign officers to see French battalions march past—even before the Emperor—with a slovenly gait, in undulating front lines, the men stepping with different feet, and marching at ease with sloped arms.

But the picture has its dark as well as its bright side. All these good military qualities which urge on the French soldier to advance impetuously, show their brilliant effects *only so long as you allow him to advance.* The *sentiment individuel*, which is at the root of all his qualifications for attack, has its great disadvantages too. The soldier, being principally busied with himself, goes along with the mass as long as it advances successfully; but if this mass be forcibly, and, perhaps, unexpectedly, made to retire, its cohesion, the connection of every individual with his comrade, is soon severed, and the more so as, in such a case, the careless tactical training of the troops renders all steadiness impossible, and leads to confusion and utter dissolution.

Add to this that the French are naturally given to envy, and, with all their national levity in critical moments, are apt to be suspicious others. The French soldier follows his officers eagerly and willingly into battle, but only so long as these officers are in front of him, and literally lead him on. This is what the soldiers expect, and when advancing under fire they express it by shouting, "Epaulettes to the front!" Thus field officers and generals have generally to march to the charge in front of their troops—the very place, certainly, for a general—and this explains the excessive losses the French always have had in officers. But if a retreat becomes inevitable, confidence in the officers will soon disappear, and, in extreme cases, make room for open disobedience. From these causes a retreat energetically forced upon a French army has always been disastrous to it, and will ever be so.

General Waldersee might have added a great deal more on the facility with which the confidence of the French soldier in his officers melts away under adverse circumstances. The confidence of the men in their immediate superiors, even after repeated unsuccess, is the best standard of discipline. Measured by this, the French are not much better than totally undisciplined levies. It is a matter of course for them that they never can be beaten except by "treachery;" and whenever they lost a battle and had to retreat more than a few hundred yards—whenever the enemy surprised them by an unexpected move, they regularly raised the cry, "We are betrayed!" So much is this part and parcel of the national character, that Napoleon, in his memoirs (written long after the fact, at St. Helena), could impute, by insinuation, some kind of treacherous action to most of his generals; and that French historians—military and otherwise—could amplify these insinuations into the most wonderful romances. As the nation of the generals, so does the soldier think of his regimental and company officers. A few hard knocks, and discipline is completely at an end: and thus it is that, of all armies, the French have made the most disastrous retreats.

PEACE, OR WHAT?

It is curious to notice how quickly and thoroughly the news of the continental disturbances has spread through the country, and the decisive opinions expressed on the subject. Fresh from the perusal of two newspaper pages we accosted a carter from the neighbourhood of Oldham on the subject. "What is the view taken by the inhabitants of the pleasant slopes of Mumps," said we: "do they prefer to settle the disputes which have arisen by means of diplomatic negotiations, or by an appeal to arms?" and his reply, earnestly, nay almost savagely given, was—"War."

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

PAINFUL DISTINCTION.

JACK.—Billy, thae'rt out o' flunters, bi th' look on tho'.

BILLY.—I am *that*, to some guage (measure).

JACK.—What's up?

BILLY.—Rheumatic gout.

JACK.—That's a new mak (sort) o' gout! I never yerd (heard) o' noan nobbut gradely gout, afore. What's th' difference between 'em?

BILLY.—Eh; gradely gout's a angel for waachin' (aching) at th' side o' th' tother mak! But, I'll tell tho' th' difference:—Put thi finger into a vice, an' let 'em screw it up as tight as ever they con for their very lives; an', at after that, let 'em screw it up a bit tighter, till they connot get it no fur (further), as how ever they were to try,—well,—*that's gout!* Well, nea then,—when they'n done that,—let 'em gi' th' screw another twirl or two tighter,—AN' THAT'S RHEUMATIC GOUT!

A PASSAGE IN NUMBERS.

BEN.—Sam, I know every yure upo' thy yed!

SAM.—Thae does hectum as like!

BEN.—Yigh, I do! I know how mony there is on 'em—to an odd tit.

SAM.—Well, how mony is there,—as thae'rt so cliver?

BEN.—There's three hundred thousan' million, six hundred and enty-two.

AM.—That's o' catty-watty! How con we prove it?

EN. Well, sitho!—*(seizes Sam by the hair; pulls out a handful, ..d ays on the table)*—COUNT THAT LOT,—an' I'll be gooin' on ...LO... nend- ull!

FA DO'S AMUNG MATES.

That's no[illegible]ock!—OLD LANCASHIRE SAYING.

(Country ...llowh ... a notable horse-dealer bargaining).

COUNTRY FEL ... (... ...ler.)—Now, Mester Sharples, that's noan fair!

SHARPLES.—Thee how hidin! ...no what's fair, as well as thee! But, doesn't tho' see—bowster-ed—*I'm noan goin to do fair this time!*

CA... IC.

(Billy, a distinguished member of the ... abstinence ... with society, tells a tale to his friend Dan.)

DAN.—Well, Billy, I don't say that I don... wha... ae; bu... tellin' me,—but, if I'd towd th' same tale to thee, *that a ha' said that ... lyin', an' I should ha' believe't it.*

SIR ORACLE.

(Dick and Amos, meeting.)

DICK.—Eh, owd lad, thae should ha' bin at th' club last neet!

AMOS.—Were there summat up?

DICK.—Ay; owd Skriker were at it again.

AMOS.—What had he agate?

DICK.—Argyin', like mad, at th' owd bat (speed)! He licked 'em o'!

AMOS.—Well, *if co'in folk foos' an' leather yods be argyin', it's a topper at it!*

A FINE SIGHT BETTER.

(Country fellow, with the sexton, choosing a grave in the chapel yard.)

COUNTRY FELLOW *(to the sexton)*.—What dun yo charge for graves o' this side?

SEXTON.—A grave o' this side would cost ye two pound.

COUNTRY FELLOW.—An' how dun they run o' th' tother side, yon?

SEXTON.—Well, a grave o' th' tother side would come to two pound ten.

COUNTRY FELLOW.—How is it at they're ten shillin' moor?

SEXTON.—Oh, *there's a better view, yon!*

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

On a bat's back, I do fly!—SHAKESPEARE.

(Old woman, who has ridden twelve miles in a fast train).

OLD WOMAN.—Hello! are we theer already? Eh, if I'd ha' known we could ha come'd so soon, *I'd ha' walked it!*

SALVATION IN SILENCE.

(A boat upset. Two men in the water. One strikes out silently towards the land; the other screams to the heavens for help, and gulps down the water at every sentence).

SWIMMER (*to the screamer*).—I say, owd lad—if thae intends to be saved, *thae mun keep thi mouth shut!*

A LOSING GAME.

(Working-man's wife to her husband.)

WIFE.—Jem, I've bin thinkin' I could make this front window help us to get a livin.'

HUSBAND.—How so, lass?

WIFE.—Well, if I were to make some penny pies, an' put 'em i'th window, I'm sure they'd sell.

HUSBAND.—Well, here, there's a shillin' for tho'. Try what thae can do.

(The husband goes away to his work, and returns at night.)

WIFE.—Eh, Jem, I've sow'd o' my pies!

HUSBAND.—Well done, owd lass! But how didto lay thi brass out?

WIFE.—Well, I bought a shillin's worth o' nice veeol, and made it into pies.

HUSBAND.—How mony pies didto make?

WIFE.—Twelve.

HUSBAND.—Penny uns?

WIFE.—Ay,—penny uns.

HUSBAND.—Well, an' what didto make th' crust on?

WIFE.—Flour, to be sure,—but then *I had that i'th house, thae knows!*

THE NEMESIS REGATTA.

THE Regatta of the Nemesis Rowing Club, which took place last Saturday, is the principal local boating event of the year. The surroundings of the Boat House on the occasion proved that, notwithstanding serious and special drawbacks, boating in Manchester, as elsewhere, is essentially popular. Not with the sterner sex only, but with the ladies also, very many of whom braved on Saturday the sights and odours that can only be met with in the vicinage of the Irwell. In this particular, boating has one advantage over cricket: it is, in its essential point, perfectly intelligible. Ladies, almost without exception, are in a state of profound ignorance as to the former amusement. They attend cricket matches without number, assuming a vast and utterly unreal interest in the proceedings, and yet know absolutely nothing of what is going on; not merely failing to distinguish between good and bad play, but having not the faintest idea of the ends to be achieved or the misfortunes to be avoided. With rowing this is different. In any boat race two facts are absolutely beyond question. They see that in one or other of the boats Frank or Walter is seated, and afterwards that that boat is either first or second, and thus that they and their side are either winning or losing. Though the intervals were somewhat long, there was ample occupation—in talking, flirting, listening to the music, or examining a prettily arrayed stand, watched over by a commissionaire, on which were arranged the prizes to be fought for, mingled with mighty trophies won on other battle-fields. The sight of these suggested speculation as to the probable winners on this occasion. Old oars and other knowing hands established a cheap reputation for sagacity by "spotting" the winners of every event, with a wisdom which was overpowering till falsified by results. Speculation of a more material character was going on among the sterner sex. Drinks innumerable were lost and won, and partaken of in the adjoining refreshment tent, enthusiasm rising to a higher pitch after every such adjournment. Besides all this, there was the additional excitement of an accident, which was just dangerous enough to be interesting. The unfortunate occupants of a pair-oared boat—not connected with the club—were upset, but managed to escape without any serious injury.

Besides the well-dressed crowd on the Manchester side, there was on the Salford bank a strong array of genial, but excited roughs, who yelled and roared with immense perseverance and power. The enjoyment they secured seemed almost unalloyed. During the intervals they patiently squatted among the dust and cinders. Here, too, the spirit of speculation was widely spread, and enthusiasts backed their fancies recklessly in a mysterious coin, unknown to the Mint authorities, called a "meg." During each race they rushed up and down the bank, shouting furiously. In some curious manner, they had constituted themselves the champions of the boats taking the Salford side of the river. They appeared to have placed themselves on terms of personal intimacy with the stroke of the boat considered theirs. Passionate adjurations were addressed to some one or other of the members of the crew when a race seemed doubtful. Yells, expressing such sentiments as "Go it, Walter!" "Now, Walter, wire in!" and so forth, could only be regarded as complimentary. As Fortune would have it, the boats on the Salford side won in every race but the last, and very triumphant did the cads become in consequence. With the last race there came a turn in Fortune's wheel, and the Manchester side won. The storm of entreaty, appeal, and, finally, discontented reproach incurred by the losers was something nearly, if not altogether, painful.

The programme included pair-oared, four-oared, and eight-oared races for gold medals, cups, and pewters, but no skiff race. Of these all but the eight-oared were turn races. The course was capitally arranged for spectators. Starting above the Boat House, they rowed down the river towards Throstle Nest, turned round two buoys fixed there, and, rowing up, finished a little above the House. Thus on-lookers were enabled to see the start and the finish—a much pleasanter arrangement than when the race can only be seen from one point. With great punctuality the races began with a pair-oar contest, for gold medals. This terminated in a rather unsatisfactory manner. In pair-oar racing a coxswain is not generally carried, the steering being looked after by the bow oar. In this case the steering was badly managed. Instead of making something like a straight course, bow seemed to be pulled round by the stroke, and the bow of the boat caught the bank. When the accident happened, Messrs. Lang and Shorrocks were leading, but it necessarily placed them at great disadvantage, and, after a second occurrence of the same sort, they gave up the race—a piece of good fortune for the winners, Messrs. Armistead and Routledge, who were thus enabled to proceed at their leisure, and win without the necessity of over-exertion. For the next event, a four-oared race, there were four competitors. This was rowed in two heats, the winner of each heat having then to fight it out between them. In the first struggle the stroke of the one boat was Mr. Shorrocks, of the other Mr. Armistead. Speculation was very brisk as to the result, some relying on Mr. Armistead's well-proved power, and pinning their faith to him; whilst others cast in their lot with Mr. Shorrocks' boat, reflecting that three out the four were old and tried oars, good men and true. The result proved the latter to be correct. Mr. Shorrocks rushed off at a tremendous rate, snatched the lead at the start, and never afterwards lost it. Bets, in which the stakes were what were expressively termed "Drinks," had, of course, to be settled on the spot; and as gentlemen who did not themselves bet were generally with a party who had invested and were thereby included, the adjournment to the refreshment tent was almost universal. After this satisfactory settlement the next event was discussed, and new and wilder bets were made with an enthusiasm and good humour quite beyond reproach. The second heat of this contest was almost exactly similar in character, Mr. Vos's crew taking the lead early, and winning with something like ease from that of Mr. Routledge. In the final struggle, Mr. Shorrocks won. From a merely picturesque point of view, the last race was far the most effective. The sight of an eight-oared boat in full swing is most striking. From the great length of the boats, a turn is in this race quite out of the question on a river like the Irwell, and stationary spectators were under the disadvantage of only seeing the finish. This time the Salford side lost; Mr. Armistead, losing a little at the start, came in a length behind Mr. Dean's crew.

Though none of the races were very close at the finish, the interest and excitement of the spectators was in every case very great. The only objection that can reasonably be urged against the arrangements is, that in every case, except the first, the course was short. With the possibility of something like a two-mile race, it seems a pity that one mile or less should be the favourite distance. The natural effect is to develop a speed and scratchiness of stroke quite unfitted for staying, which must tend towards the formation of a style unsuitable for contests over long distances. Such rowing could not possibly live through a four-mile race. Of course, however, for short distances this hurried stroke is more reasonable and quite capable of beating a steadier and longer pull. At

all events, there can be no doubt of the opportunities thus offered for hard work. The clammy, leaden hue of some of the faces after each race proved, what no one doubted, that the work done was real, and the pluck with which it was faced invincible. There is no harder toil, no sterner test of strength and endurance, no more utterly exhausting trial of every muscle, than the sharp burst of the last spurt of a hardly-fought boat race. But who shall describe the infinite jollity which reigned supreme when all the work was over, and nothing remained to be done but distribute the prizes? The winners were joyful in winning, and could not the losers find abundant explanation to prove beyond doubt that defeat was to be ascribed solely to misfortune? At all events hard work and anxiety were over for the time. The speech of the president in presenting the prizes was, in its way, a model. A certain ruggedness and want of polish in style was amply atoned for by the frank vigour with which it went straight to the heart of the subject. Every appeal to the sympathies of the audience was telling, and none was more loudly and deservedly applauded than the expression of the hospitable hope that all the guests had spent a pleasant afternoon.

ROSES.

A POEM OF THE STREETS.

EVERY day by the side of her stall,
From morn to night the old dame is sitting;
The sunlight may blaze, the rain may fall,
Yet never a bit she heeds it all.
Watching her roses—serenely knitting.
What to her are the crowd and the din,
As she looks on the people hurrying past
In unceasing stream through the weary hours?
She pities them all—her needles go fast.
And she thinks to herself,—ah! my beautiful flowers
Are wiser than all, for they toil not nor spin!

So they bloom all day in the dingy street,
Those beautiful roses, white and red,
With the tiny rosebuds so fresh and sweet,
Peeping coyly out from their mossy bed;
And the dews, that close to their heart have lain
'Neath the clustering petals, they breathe away
Silently, sadly, for never again
Shall they bend to the breeze on the slender spray;
Never again shall the tender night
With its soft, cool hand close their buds to sleep,
And never again the clear warm sunlight
In richer hues their bright blossoms steep.
Yet they bloom all day in the dingy street,
And their fresh pure fragrance they cast around;
In dying they bless us, though under our feet
Ere night their last resting-place may be found!

What does she think of, that grim old dame,
As she sits at her knitting the livelong day?
Does she ever, I wonder, a story frame
From the faces of those who a moment stay
By her stall to choose the daintiest flowers?
How to one, with drooped head and wearied eyes,
Slow passing, the vision of sunny bowers,
And the scent of far-off gardens rise,
A dream of delight in long vanished hours;
Ah! to him, a few withered and faded leaves,
Hidden away in a secret place,
Have a sweeter fragrance and brighter grace
Than all others that Spring in her garland weaves!
Does she watch the poor girl who lingers there,
Who has bent o'er her needle from morn to night,
And thinks, as she buys a rose, how bright
'Twill gleam in her chamber small and bare?
Or the workman, wearily plodding home,
Who chooses the largest bunch for the sake
Of the little ones, who are still awake,
And watch the door till their father come!

But no! All the while her thoughts have been
Only grave surmise of the gains of the day:
And see, night is come—where bright flowers were seen
Are only dull flags 'neath the gas-lamp's ray!

THE ATHLETIC FOOT-BALL CLUB SPORTS.

IT is always pleasant to saunter through the quiet avenues of Whalley Range, and to turn into the field where the foot-ball athletics toil at their pleasure. Had last Saturday morning's gloom not threatened a broken afternoon many more would, like us, have enjoyed the field-day of the M.A.F.C. A screen, fixed round the ground, shut out the curiosity of nursery-maids and grooms. The grand stand framed, as within a picture-frame, a group of Whalley Range summer toilettes, almost as gay and showy as the costumes of the athletes, and threw clearly out the lustre or the respose of faces that even eclipsed the toilettes. So interesting as to attract the chivalry of gallant officers and officious gallants, they grew more interesting as they grew more interested, more pleasing for being pleased. Their brothers, cousins, ball-room partners, were visible below—running, jumping, lounging on the grass in manly laziness. The easy informality which young men put on with their easy undress athletic uniform had all the charm of novelty for them, and they graciously overlooked the indecorum of *al fresco* cigars and pipes. The British merchant relaxed his dignity and smiled affably as he timed, started, or judged the contests, the prizes whereof he had perhaps himself presented.

To vary the flirtations and the promenading, there were close and exciting, if not great, races. The club had made it quite a cup day. There were none of your medals that make your athlete like the ass laden with gold. But so many of the races were handicaps that it is impossible to speak of the real merit of the winners. And it is just in this that the bane of handicaps lies. Mr. Burbery—"time-honoured Lancaster"—and Mr. Greg, who were prominently introduced to *The Sphinx* in the story of the Paper-chase, with Mr. Walkden—all three great public performers and well reported of in racing circles—carried off between them most of the prizes. A claret jug, which fell to the first of these three, was the neatest piece of the large show of plate and pewter was envied of all observers. Mr. Darby's jumping was about the best and most graceful piece of work that day, and he evidently stopped before he had done his highest. Mr. Welsh won the half-mile well and determinedly from Mr. Burbery. The Strangers' Races were won by Messrs. Pape and Stevenson in good form. The former has style and stride, and if he has givour, will yet be heard of. Mr. Turner, with his usual elective affinity for prizes, had several cups thrown at him. He must be very brave—fortune makes such a favourite of him. Mr. W. Maclaren, who is a sort of athletic admirable Crichton, astonished everybody by the distance to which he sent the football with one drop-kick.

Good prizes, good arrangements, and plenty of encouragement ought to produce good results, and in these respects the Athletic Club sets a good example to all other clubs. No one can wish it a return to its form of two or three years back, when it had the whole range of athletics at its mercy, more heartily than does the *Sphinx*.

FOOD FOR POWDER.

The Bon-Vivant attached to the staff of our paper, reports that the French Government has displayed remarkable judgment and intelligence in the department in which he is specially interested. The Baron Bouilli, it appears, has proceeded, *viâ* Hull, towards Scandinavia, to take the command of the French fleet there. He is evidently a broth of a boy, and in case he should fall in with the German fleet, will no doubt fall out with it, and will, as an enthusiastic Scotch curler would say, "soup it up." Meanwhile, on land matters, seem to be better still. Marshal Lebœuf is to be second in command of that division of the army of which the Emperor is to be the chief, and the latter is to be attended by a naval aide-de-camp, in the person of Admiral Jurieu de la Gravière. These arrangements may, however, be merely provisionary; but it seems probable that Napoleon III. has apprehended the full meaning of his Uncle's celebrated saying, that an army moves upon its stomach.

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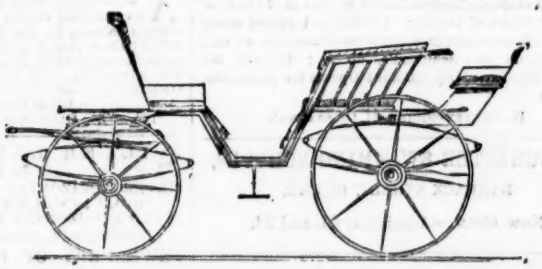

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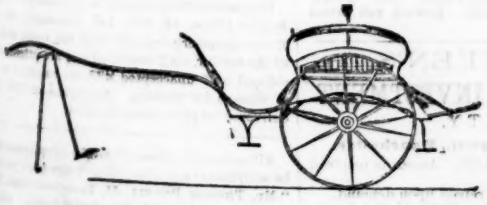

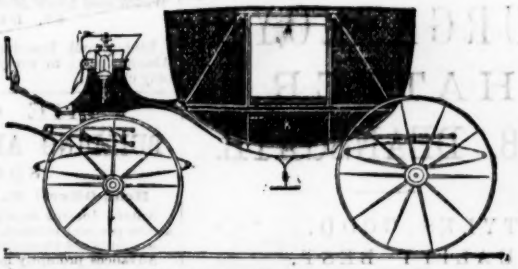

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